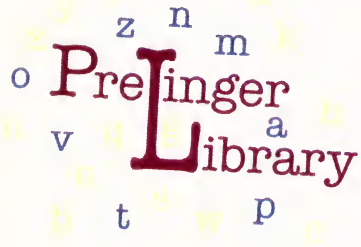
From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006

THE VOICE OF A BUSINESS

THE VOICE OF A BUSINESS

A series of radio talks
prepared and delivered each week
by
WILLIAM J. CAMERON
of the Ford Motor Company
as part of the
Ford Sunday Evening Hour

PHILADELPHIA
PRINTED BY THE AYER PRESS
1935

INTRODUCTION

¶ *THERE is need in this country at present for a better understanding of business. For any business that is a good business is something more than products and profits. Principles are its keystone. What a business stands for is as important as what it makes.*

¶ *The relation of a business to its employees—its attitude toward the public—its history and the character of the men who guide its policies—the interesting, often romantic story of its research and manufacturing . . . all these have an influence on sales and service and public good-will. All may be discussed freely and honestly in a friendly, human way.*

¶ *This has been the theme of the inspiring talks which the radio has brought to millions of homes as a regular weekly feature of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. In text and manner they take high place among the business literature of our time.*

¶ *There have been many requests for these talks in permanent form. N. W. Ayer & Son take pleasure in presenting them to you in this bound volume.*

CONTENTS

"JUST CIRCULATING 'ROUND" 9

FACTORY AND HOME 15

A DAY AT GREENFIELD SCHOOL 20

IN REMEMBRANCE 25

HOW DOCTORS HELP INDUSTRY 29

YOUTH AND TOMORROW 33

A SHORTER WORK DAY 38

WAGES VERSUS PATERNALISM 43

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS 48

LIBERATING AN INDUSTRY 52

THE CONTROL OF PROFITS 57

MONEY AND MANAGEMENT 61

THOMAS A. EDISON 66

USING THE DEPRESSION 71

TALK OF REVOLUTION 75

USING THE LAND 79

LINCOLN AND LEE 84

EASTER 89

SHARE THE WEALTH 94

THE SPREAD OF INDUSTRY 99

MOTHER'S DAY 104

THE WHEEL 109

"JUST CIRCULATING 'ROUND"

TONIGHT, ladies and gentlemen, we present a portrait—much too brief and somewhat sketchy—of a man. This is done, not in the spirit of eulogy;—we believe that it will throw some light on opinions to be expressed during this series of brief talks. Recently a famous writer remarked that while the name "Ford" was perhaps the best known unofficial name in the world, the personality behind the name was probably less known than any other. It is this personality that concerns us tonight.

The popular conception of the head of a world-wide business is that of a man at a huge desk in a magnificent office, buried under reports, signing hundreds of letters, issuing orders and holding conferences all day long—the usual picture of a big business man. Mr. Ford has an office, and he has a desk, but no one has ever seen him using them. The last time I saw his desk it was stacked with boxes of dolls—wax dolls. The only letters he takes time to write with his own hand are to little boy

and girl friends who are having a birthday. As for reports, he never reads them—he knows the facts before the reports are written. He issues no orders. If he wants something done, he goes to the man concerned and talks it over with him. He may even do this a second time, or, more rarely, a third time. If his suggestion is not acted on then, he simply takes it to someone else. So, you see, the conventional scenery is absent from the outset.

Business men who are "listening in" tonight will observe that the man is not called to the office. There is a certain wisdom of experience in that. If you "circulate," as Mr. Ford calls it—that is, get up and go around yourself—you know at first-hand what is going on. If you sit on your office throne and summon men to your presence, you know only what they can tell you. Besides, it saves time. You can usually get yourself out of another man's office in much less time than you can politely get him out of yours.

Thirty-odd years ago, having spent the first forty years of his life in the ranks of the workers, Mr. Ford decided never to quit being a worker. That explains the directness and simplicity which characterizes his methods. It would be a mistake,

however, to confuse this simplicity with guileless innocence, as some have done to their great embarrassment. That point should be very clear if we are to know the man. "Yes men" and designing individuals have no chance with him at all. His eyes pierce shams at a glance.

He will nail up a door for a whole season rather than disturb a robin's nest; he has postponed the hay harvest because ground birds were brooding in the field; but he expects human beings to stand on their own feet. He has been doing this himself since he was a boy of 13, and he never hesitates to stand alone, if need be. He does not find it hard to put principle before profit;—it is his nature to put first things first. Often he has faced the prospect of paying dearly for his principles, but, like most men who pass this test, he has discovered that profit sacrificed for principle returns tenfold. He has a profound personal faith in the Law of Right. Perhaps that goes far to explain the strange power of leadership which he possesses in so high a degree—the power that enables men to do what was impossible for them, up to the moment he asked it. He rates his helpers a little higher than they rate themselves. He makes them grow. In

this, Mr. Ford exemplifies Emerson's definition of a friend as "someone who shall make us do what we can"—when we are saying we can't.

While anything but a man of routine, he keeps fairly regular habits. Rising at 6 in the morning, he is often one of the tens of thousands of Ford men going to work. That is the pleasantest sight he sees—men going to work.

Though for most of us our work is just a means to live outside our work, it must be said for Mr. Ford that his work is his life. The other night in the engineering laboratory, he shook his fist at a night-watchman. In half-humorous complaint he said, "When I see that fellow come around, I know it's time to go home"—expressing the reluctance with which he quits the day's work.

Yet he has time for many things besides work. He dances a great deal—the old-fashioned dances. He plays the violin, and sometimes the harmonica and jew's harp. For exercise, he chops wood or runs along the road. He can tell a cracking good story, and I have seen him in a farm-house kitchen cook dinner for ten men and wait on table himself. How he is able to give his unhurried personal attention to so many major interests in addition to

manufacturing motor cars—the Museum, the Edison Technical Institute, the Early American Village, the farm experiments and the schools—is to many a constant source of wonder. The explanation is that he has a twenty-track mind, and all the tracks converge on one objective, which is to do something worth while.

Mr. Ford speaks in telegrams—the boiled down essence of hard thinking. He has a saying—oh, he has many sayings—but one of them is, "Kind but firm." But he has his inconsistencies—sometimes the firmness is lost in the kindness. One day he was reproving a young fellow for something, and the young man bridled at the rebuke.

"Look here, my boy," said Mr. Ford, "I never waste my time trying to fix something that is not worth fixing. I'm spending time on you because I think you're worth it."

Henry Ford is absolutely certain of this country's future. Forty years ago, before there was an automobile in Detroit, he actually saw with his mind's eye four lines of traffic in our then motorless cities. He foresees now just as clearly for the future. He says we are on the verge of undreamed progress, sound prosperity, and that social justice

for which he has worked all his life. The future fairly startles him with its impending greatness.

And so, past seventy, Mr. Ford does not stand in the stern of the ship gazing back at his long career; he is in the bow, peering into the future. And what he sees vastly cheers him. Thank you.

FACTORY AND HOME

I WOULD like to speak five or six minutes about the place where millions of us men and women earn our living, the place that supplies us with most of the requirements of life. I refer to the Factory. We hear ladies speak of the fine fabric of their gowns—"fabric" means factory. Houses, clothing, bread; our furniture and domestic appliances; railway trains and motor cars, reach us by way of the factory. All our cultural apparatus, such as the fine instruments of this orchestra; the books, newspapers and magazines we read; our moving pictures; the radio through which you hear this program tonight, are all factory products. Life would be much restricted in these days, were it not for the factory. Yet I dare say that the very word—the very idea of factory—smites the senses as something uncouth and undesirable. Many think that almost any other place of work—office, store, bank, library—is much to be preferred above the factory. Why is this?

Well, taste and temperament have something to do with it. But in the main it rises from a false conception of the character and cultural possibilities of industry. Naturally, each one exalts his own calling: the book-minded man may rate himself above the machine-minded man, and vice versa, without either of them producing a good reason for his claim to superiority. We have a prejudice for the thing we know to be good for us. Now, we know that through books and art, people have come into creative communion with life and have gained spiritual satisfaction and mental growth. We have yet to learn, however, that industry also is a path to these same ends. The man who naturally works with his hands has as wide a door into the values of life as has the man who naturally works with his head. We have all seen the machine-minded man come into the same regions of philosophy and poetry, get the same interior pleasure from a piece of fine mechanism, as another would get from a priceless first edition. There is as much romance and imagination and history in a museum collection of mechanical movements as there is in a library of printed volumes. Industry is a great avenue into the kingdom of the mind. The hand is

a most important organ of knowledge. Art and craft grow on the same stem.

One day a modern poet of renown stood amidst the throb and hum of the Ford factory. Listening awhile, he lifted his face to the steel-girded roof and exclaimed: "Do you hear that song?" It is there—the new song of the sciences and the arts, blended by labor into the marching music of a race.

If nothing else justified the factory, there is one fact that will endlessly justify it. You will recall that before the factory age, the craftsman worked in his own house. We pretend to think it romantic that once the entire family labored day and night in what we call the home crafts. But actually, it was a hideous arrangement. The story of those pre-factory hovels—women spinning, men weaving, children impressed from infancy into grimy toil—effectually dissipates the romance which has been cast over that system. But its most terrible effect was to prevent the house from becoming a home. It was a family sweat-shop in which human beings ate and slept with their work. There was no going home at evening; no release from constant association with drudgery. And then, someone with the vision of a better way came along, gathered the

work together under one roof, and started what we know as the factory. At first it was very crude, at first it continued the abuses common to the houses of the home-crafters—long hours, child labor, harmful employment of women. Bear in mind these were not original factory abuses; they were transplanted to the factory from the houses of the workers. But even in that crude state, the factory emancipated the family's dwelling house and enabled it to become a home, and be nothing but a home. And ever since that time, by reason of steadily increasing wages and steadily improving conveniences—both of these the products of industry—it becomes ever a more refined and comfortable home. This ought to give the factory a place of honor in our list of uplifting social factors.

The modern manufacturing plant is a place of sunlight and fresh air; it is as clean as the modern home. Many a woman visitor at Dearborn remarks that if she had what the Ford Motor Company spends in one day for sweeping and scrubbing, she would be wealthy. Well, our daily payroll for cleanliness is quite sizable—there are 5,000 sweepers and cleaners on it. They have seven million square feet of floor space, 330 acres of window panes, and tens

of thousands of machines to keep clean. They use up 5,000 mops, 3,000 brooms, and 86 tons of soap a month—not to speak of 16,000 gallons of paint. That is large scale housecleaning.

Cleanliness is almost a fetich with Mr. Ford—I suppose he inherits it from his Dutch mother.

When Thomas A. Edison visited Dearborn in 1929 to see his old Menlo Park laboratory as it had been restored and set up in Greenfield Village, he sat in the old chair he had used fifty years before while inventing the incandescent lamp, and looked quietly around. Then in his high-pitched voice he said: "Ford, this is 99¾ per cent what it used to be—it would be 100 per cent perfect except for one thing."

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Ford, "we want to get that right too."

"It's just exactly as it used to be," chuckled Mr. Edison, "only it's too darned clean."

A DAY AT GREENFIELD SCHOOL

If you could come with us some school-day morning to Greenfield, the Ford Historical Village at Dearborn, you would find yourself not only in the midst of a great world industry, but also at the heart of an unexpectedly peaceful scene. On every side are signs of a practical purpose at work. Yet the first sound that strikes our ears is not one we ordinarily associate with industry. It is the sound of the chapel bell. Groups of children troop across the Village green and enter the little Colonial church. This chapel, with its old brick walls and Christopher Wren spire, looks quietly from a gentle slope of ground, upon its historical neighbors. The walnut courthouse where Lincoln practised law is on the left. On the right, the Clinton Inn; while facing the Chapel from the other end of the green is the old Town Hall.

We follow the children into Chapel and take our seats in the old-fashioned back gallery, and as the organ softly plays there comes stealing over

us, from the chaste interior of the place, something very like a spirit of reverence. A moment of silence —a pupil stands before the chancel steps to conduct the exercises. Youthful voices are sweetly raised in an old-time hymn; in unison they say a Psalm; the simple prayer is chanted—a service entirely undenominational and uniting children of every faith. Then come recitations, solos and choruses, a few rollicking songs of today, and the assembly closes with a hymn. This is the Children's morning chapel service. During the organ recessional, pew after pew empties in an orderly way, leaving the chapel strangely still. We hear the distant shouts of the children as they cross the green to their class-rooms—the little tots to the restored log school house where the great McGuffey once conned his lessons in the hills of Pennsylvania; others to the Town Hall and the old Scotch Settlement School; while the older scholars go to the high school in Independence Hall. But the chapel sounds the keynote of the day. It is named "The Martha-Mary Chapel," after Martha, the mother of Mrs. Ford, and Mary, the mother of Mr. Ford. You will gather from this how deep is Mrs. Ford's interest also, in these Village Schools. Someone

asked Mr. Ford if he had been married in a church. "No," said he, and then quickly, "Yes! Yes, I was! That is, I was married in Mrs. Ford's girlhood home; but its bricks and doors are now parts of Martha-Mary Chapel, so after all, I was married in a church."

Now, that is but one of the unusual scenes to be found at the heart of this great industry. Many years ago Mr. Ford saw his factories as living textbooks of all the arts and sciences; and he saw young men who needed education. He brought the two together. Thus the Ford Trade School commenced which has graduated 6,000 young men. Normally 1,600 are in attendance, who support themselves and help their families through scholarships paid by the Company.

But this school in Greenfield Village is quite another thing. The pupils, ranging from six to fourteen years of age, have the usual books and teachers and classes, but they have also the living textbooks of the Early American Village, the Edison Museum, and the Ford Laboratories. The object is not merely to feed them facts—facts always follow where interest leads—but to produce alert, wide-awake minds and straightforward character.

To help them recognize their own life work when they see it, they are exposed to a wide variety of interests. Mr. Ford believes that the new generation is the latest message from the Invisible to this age, and treats them as people who are soon to have this world in their hands. They are taught foundation principles which are valid from century to century. They are taught the forgotten truths that one cannot get something for nothing, and that the darker side of Credit is Debt. They are made wise against the lures of get-rich-quick schemes. Our Greenfield Village pupils, we think, will make poor prospects for the next speculative "boom." They are taught that work is the way to true wealth—and that thinking is the hardest kind of work. They are taught that service is the way to honor. Yet, they are not solemn little owls. They ride horses, go in for sports, raise gardens; the boys have Edison Scout camps; the girls play hostess and learn housekeeping in the gracious atmosphere of an old New England house; both boys and girls delve into telegraphy, radio, chemistry—anything they like. They meet distinguished visitors from all parts of the world. And over it all is the spirit of reverence for life and work that radiates from Martha-Mary Chapel.

These schools are only intended to be examples; they demonstrate on a small scale how industry anywhere can help the future. But those who would enter this work must be prepared to give the personal interest and oversight which it requires. Maybe you are asking—"But, do the children like this kind of school?" Well, when vacation time arrived and the pupils were dismissed for two months' holiday, we were surprised by what occurred: they all came back the next morning!—they came back every day—Saturdays too; they were around the schools all summer long. Perhaps that is the answer.

IN REMEMBRANCE

More than fourteen million Americans now living have no recollection of this November day sixteen years ago. They were too young—or not yet born. We who are able to remember do not fully realize what happened. The Great War swooped upon a world which hoped that commercial ties and interests had rendered war impossible. Yet it came—and 27 nations were engulfed; every empire, save two, was overturned; thirty rulers lost their thrones. And when eight and a half million men had been killed, and twenty-nine million more were wounded or missing, the war ceased as suddenly as it came.

This day sixteen years ago—November 11, 1918—was curiously quiet. The excitement that should have marked the Armistice was strangely absent. The reason was that four days earlier, on November 7, a report was spread that the war was over, and it roused wild expressions of public joy. The report was premature, but it occasioned a momentous

display of public intuition. When I left my newspaper office for lunch November 7, the wires had not whispered a word concerning a general armistice. I had not walked five blocks before a scream rang over the street, and there at an upper window of a department store a woman stood, her arms upflung to heaven. What joy or heartbreak was in her cry is known to God. But suddenly crowds came running from every side. Traffic was smothered. People packed the streets from wall to wall. Voices began to shout, "The war is over! The war is over!" while tens of thousands shouted and cheered, laughed and wept; and so the tumult continued all that day and night. Presently the newspapers came, loud headlines declaring that no armistice had been signed. But the people flung away official denials—tore the papers to shreds. They KNEW! Intuition was independent of cablegrams from Paris and radiograms from Berlin and telegrams from Washington. It simply *had* to be true that at long last—after fifty-one months—after four years and 98 days—the war was over. Their intuition was correct, the war *was* over, though as yet the fact was concealed, awaiting official arrangements.

And so, when the true Armistice Day came, November Eleventh, the first ungovernable surge of excitement had passed. We were all subdued by the sudden solemn silence that had fallen on the world. At the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month the guns had ceased.

Hence, we keep this day ever since, in *memory* of those millions of all the nations who rendered up their lives—each one An Unknown Soldier, save to his comrades and those at home who loved him; in *honor* of those who came back to dislocated careers, thousands of them with health and strength impaired.

These all went forth from the occupations of peace, for it is the farm and the workshop that furnish the men and material of war. Swords are always made from plowshares—the arts of peace support it, else war is *done!* And one day Peace shall beat all swords into plowshares again. When we saw 131 ships of war towed into the Ford Motor Company docks—saw their mighty hulks sliced by giant shears, and their well-wrought steel shaped into motor cars for the people, it seemed symbolic: Peace was reclaiming for human use what had been filched from her for human destruction.

"Armistice" is a sinister word. Is that all we have—an armed truce? Our country hoped to help the world to a better condition than that. And she can yet do this—and do it best by resolutely being herself. Imitating the desperate makeshifts of crumbling systems but weakens her power to help mankind. The air is full of alien ideas that never built a civilization in the lands where they originate and cannot build one here. They blandly appeal to our good-will, but they conceal a menace. They would quench our fires and foul our rudder—render us helpless in ourselves and useless to others. If it were an invasion by armies, we would repel it; it is an invasion by ideas, we must resist it. Force could not wrench away our ideal; and shall we surrender it to persuasive propaganda? Nothing can be good for America, nothing can enlarge her helpfulness, that is bought at the price of her moral identity.

How significant it is that we keep the day the war *ended*, and not the day it began. May this be to us a sign that our face is toward the light.

HOW DOCTORS HELP INDUSTRY

How doctors and medicine help modern manufacture is so little known that we comment on it for a moment tonight. To begin: consider the years that are added to our working life by eyeglasses! Years ago when a man's eyesight began to change he often found it necessary to change his job. But nowadays oculists and opticians fit him with glasses that compensate his defect and prolong his usefulness. In the Ford car, for example, many measurements are as fine as those in a high-grade watch, and to train men to work with such precision is expensive; so that the Company loses as well as the man if he must change his work because of eyesight. But eyeglasses and modern factory lighting enable men to continue in our service after they are well up in years. Normally seven thousand men above fifty or sixty years of age are in our employ. That is one point.

The medical job of our doctors at the Dearborn plant is equal to that of a city the size of Lowell, Massachusetts, or Waterbury, Connecticut,

or South Bend, Indiana, or Duluth, Minnesota, or El Paso, Texas. That will help you visualize the population of the Dearborn factory today. In normal times, of course, it is nearly double that. But no city trains its citizens to care for their health as Ford employes are trained. Our doctors have handled 721,000 cases this year; but an average of only six a month required hospital care. In October just past, our doctors treated 62,373 cases, but only seven of these were hospital cases. Those thousands of minor cases are accounted for by our system of training our men to be particular about little things. They are taught that nothing should be regarded as "trivial." The trifling scratch or bruise which at home we hardly notice, must in the shop receive immediate attention. For this purpose every shop has its convenient stations, and registered physicians are on duty throughout the twenty-four hours. This medical service is free; during working hours it is given on Company time — the man's pay goes on. As for accidents, they are comparatively few. Of the thirteen major American industries, the automobile industry rates second safest in severity of accidents, and third safest in point of accident frequency.

A man hiring into our shops is medically examined and given work that fits his condition. Disability does not necessarily bar him from a job. Twenty per cent of our present workmen are in the physically disabled class. Some are blind, some deformed, some not very strong—there are twelve thousand of them in all—and each man's work is selected to fit his case. Tuberculous men have sheltered places in the open air. By a system of medical transfers men's jobs may be changed at any time for health reasons.

Our doctors daily inspect all food served to the men and see that lunches are eaten under proper conditions. Even oil used in the machinery is treated with an antiseptic solution to prevent infection of hands or arms. When the bacteria count of the oil in a machine pit is high, the pit is drained, scalded with live steam, and thoroughly scrubbed. In some instances a protective ointment is provided which men rub on their hands and arms before commencing work. There are many such precautions.

Although the Company spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to secure perfect ventilation and to regulate shop temperatures, there are certain

kinds of work in which heat cannot be entirely avoided. During hot midsummer days and nights in the past, several hundred heat prostrations have occurred in twenty-four hours—but not now! It was discovered that heat prostration often follows excessive perspiration which depletes the body of its salts. The obvious thing to do was to restore the salt. So at all shop drinking fountains salt pellets were provided, and heat cases on the hottest summer day dropped to a scattering half-dozen. This is only part of the story of medicine in industry. It is too long to tell tonight.

This health policy extends to our schools, and sometimes to the community. A few years ago in Detroit, hundreds of young veterans of the war were refused Government hospital aid because they could not prove that their disabilities were caused by war service. They were not our employes, but at the instance of Mr. Edsel Ford the doors of the Henry Ford Hospital were freely thrown open to them; they were given private rooms and treated in all respects as private patients. Some of them remained in hospital more than a year, but in the end every one of them was put on his feet. We believe in health—in the factory and out.

YOUTH AND TOMORROW

One note of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour which you have probably observed is the way these programs have mingled the established names of the musical world with those of the newcomers. Last Sunday night Grisha Goluboff was our soloist, a charming Jewish lad scarcely in his teens; it was his first appearance before the national audience of the air. Tonight our guest artist is the brilliant Ossip Gabrilowitsch, universally celebrated as pianist and conductor. The masters of today and their successors of tomorrow! We believe in using today's resources to brighten tomorrow's dawn, to freight the future with friendly recollections of a helpful past. He is no friend of progress who drives a cleavage between the generations.

The younger generation may learn from this that when it is tempted to think that all opportunity has been pre-empted or monopolized, it is being deceived. Trite as it may be, it is mathematically provable that more opportunities exist, more

open doors to achievement, than when any successful person you can name today was facing life, an untried youth. Farming, business, teaching, engineering, domestic economy, home-building, finance —every field, offers more open roads than ever before. You injure yourself if you think otherwise. But it is not only youth that flirts with courage-destroying delusions. At Dearborn we often hear business men say, "Oh, it's easy for Ford to do thus and so—he has lots of money." Then we should expect to find that Mr. Ford did nothing in the days of his obscurity. But a man who waits on success before he does anything ends by doing nothing. One's success is conceived in the days when one is unknown. Now, that is a fact worth illustrating, and it can be illustrated by three characteristic incidents in Mr. Ford's life before he was ever heard of.

As a farm boy back in 1876 he could not be expected to develop new industrial ideas. Yet even then he was hearing the song of the threshing engine and it was saying strange things to him. It was saying, "If grain can be threshed by mechanical power, why cannot land be plowed by power?" So he made a crude tractor. But it was ahead of

the times. Before men could vision the wider use of mechanical power, they had to be educated by the automobile. But how make automobiles at a cost which people could afford? The farm boy had already found the answer in his own way. He had traveled the wintry roads at night, collecting his neighbors' watches for the fun of repairing them. Sitting in his cold little upstairs bedroom with a barn lantern on the floor to keep his feet warm and a kerosene lamp on his table to keep the chill from stiffening his fingers, busily working at his task, he thought how scarce and how expensive watches were, and wondered how they might be made at such low cost that everybody could have one. He devised a method, and the idea of mass production was born, which gives everybody daily conveniences that were once rare luxuries.

Next we see him a young engineer hired by the month to run a power house. You say a man must be successful before he can do anything—what could this $100-a-month engineer do? The power house worked in two twelve-hour shifts. The twelve-hour day was common in 1893. By great convulsions the labor world has reduced the working day to ten hours, to nine hours, to eight hours.

But in that Detroit power house, without a convulsion, the young engineer persuaded his employers that three eight-hour shifts were better in every way than two twelve-hour shifts. It took some persuading! He was permitted to prove it, but at the cost of some disfavor to himself—he was accused of being too interested in the welfare of the men! It was nothing to young Ford personally—he worked all the time anyway; but it was the germ of the eight-hour day and the five-day week which he established when he had his own shop.

And then, as a parting glimpse tonight, we see him a partner in his first business undertaking. What can one young mechanic do whose partners are seasoned bankers and business men? Theirs was the shrewd idea that if you sold a man a car —and cars were uncertain things those days—you had him at your mercy. He must come to you for repairs and parts, and you could charge him any price you liked. You *had* him. Young Henry Ford told those astute business men that this was not right. He believed that when you sold a man a car you were under obligation to see that it gave him service at the least possible expense. But they

couldn't see that! What could a young partner, without experience or capital, do under these circumstances? He could quit!—and he did quit. And like all who are willing to give up something for principle, Henry Ford found a new and better beginning.

We hope these incidents will unlock the mental and moral energies of young men and women who think it hard to do anything until they become successful. They may not know it, but—it is *harder* afterward.

A SHORTER WORK DAY

OUR grandfathers worked about three times as long in the week, and our fathers twice as long as we work. The work week of our children will be shorter than ours, and yet will produce more. This continuous decrease in standard working hours is due, not to a growing scarcity of work to be done, but to better ways of doing it. Expectation now centers on the six-hour day, and we have been asked to express our opinion of it. There is nothing new to us in the idea of a six-hour day; seven years ago Mr. Ford was discussing plans to put it in operation. No one was asking for it then; just as no one was asking for the five-day week when we established it in 1926; but we believed then and believe now that a shorter work day is coming. It would be well, however, to understand some points concerning it.

Social improvements of this character are not commanded but created. The difference between politics and industry in this matter is that we

cannot just make a speech about it and consider the thing done. And we can't tax the public to pay for it. What we do must not only pay for itself but register its benefits on the pay roll. Reformers have the advantage of us there—they don't have to meet pay rolls. The dollar we add to the day's wage must be made before it can be paid. The day we took off the week's work—reducing it from six days to five—could not be taken off the week's pay. Else it were not an improvement. Neither the men's pay envelope nor the public's purse pays for social advances in industry. Nor do they come from some industrial leader's good-hearted generosity. If they did, then they were *rights* which had been withheld. But they were not withheld; *they did not exist.* They must be created. Higher wages and shorter hours cannot be established by money dipped out of a Company's treasury. They come from economies, improvements, and refinements of manufacturing methods, and these come from the incessant labor and creative experience of management. That is the only way any social advance is built into industry. It cannot be done by law; it cannot be done by money. The right method and the right conditions must be created. What is right

will work; what will work will be used; what is used will support itself.

Now, there is another thing: these improvements are not born of scarcity but of plenty. The present agitation for a six-hour day grows out of a despairing belief that scarcity and poverty will be the general rule in this country for the future. Most of the schemes and theories born of the depression are false because they gauge all future time by present conditions. No economic improvement is possible with that kind of thinking. As a "share the work" plan the six-hour day would be a plunge downgrade. The six-hour day will come because work is plentiful and production is ample; it will come because the American ideal of life requires leisure for men to use and enjoy the things they make. That is the only reason for making things!

"Share the work" plans are plausible; they appeal to our good will; but they do not benefit the men they are supposed to help. As means to recovery, or even as emergency helps, they simply do not work. And the final test of a machine or an Act of Congress is—does it work? For a time a few men get a little, none get enough, and in the

end no one gets anything—because there is nothing left to share. One hundred men earning five dollars a day have more recovery power and more community help in them than five hundred men earning a dollar a day. In either case the same amount of money is circulated; but the effect is entirely different, for the five-dollar men will buy goods that make jobs for others, while the one-dollar men will not be able to patronize any industry, and thus will cause decline in such industries as exist. These are the facts of experience.

This country is overflowing with work waiting to be done. Its entire equipment has become obsolete in the last five years and will have to be replaced. Everything is out of date. Financial scavengers who utilize the depression to seize distressed property are simply collecting the refuse of a bygone age. America is all to be rebuilt! The work is waiting—the men are waiting—what keeps them apart? Now, *one social improvement always calls for another.* Perhaps we need a rational conception of money—perhaps we need to think of money as a cog in our transportation system. As long as we regard money as the chief commodity of commerce—as long as we grow wheat and build

houses and manufacture goods in order to buy dollars, as if we lived by dollars!—work will be hampered. A dollar is like a postage stamp that moves a letter from sender to receiver; the function of the dollar is to move goods from man to man. Value is in the letter, not the stamp; value is in the goods, not in the dollar. If postage stamps prevented letters from moving, we would soon revise our postal system. When dollars retard exchange of goods and restrict employment, should not money engineers adopt the same course? That is our view.

WAGES VERSUS PATERNALISM

A GENTLEMAN recently came to us with an assortment of printed posters which urged workingmen to be loyal to their jobs and their employers, strongly implying that employers were always good and loyal to their men. We were asked to buy the posters and put them up in the shop for the men to read. Aside from the fact that we do not placard our factory, we took the position that our men know more about us than any poster can tell them; if we were doing our part, it was needless to say so, and if not, no poster could convince anybody that we were. "What you *are* stands over you and thunders so that I cannot hear what you *say*," is the way Emerson put it. Furthermore, we explained, it was contrary to Ford principle to exercise any form of paternalism over our men. And that is the statement that caused surprise.

Philanthropists often study the Ford Motor Company in the belief that it is an outstanding example of paternalism in industry. They expect

to find that we direct our men's pleasure, provide their entertainment, band them together in shop clubs, and tie up their social life with the factory. There is a perilous propensity in human nature to manage other people's lives, which is the beginning of tyranny; but the worst of it is that if you label it "philanthropy," it will be applauded. If you provide bathhouses and clubhouses, and organize picnics and give turkeys at Christmas, if you build churches and do similar things for your employes, you will be praised for "improving industrial relations." But industry plays a more honorable part when it pays wages that enable men to do these things for themselves. It is far better for citizenship, better for character, better for business, that men have the means to provide their own bath facilities, build their own churches and clubs, organize their own pleasures, find their own associations, than that they should be beholden to any company or corporation for these things. Where there is paternalism there is too often a stinted wage. And in the end men don't thank you for it, because they don't like it—and employers themselves would not like it if they were in the men's place. A man is, after all, a free being. In the State

he is a citizen. In the home he is husband and father. In many instances he is office-bearer in his church or lodge. Outside working hours he cultivates individual tastes and talents. That is, he is grown up. The very basis of better industrial relations with him is a just wage. Pay that, and he will provide the necessary things himself, and be the better for it. In the emergencies of life, of course, the company can always do the neighborly thing, it can teach him, it can protect him from the racketeers and parasites that lie in wait for the workingman's wage; but the guiding principle must be to enable a man to stand on his own feet.

Our policy of paying men instead of patronizing them arises from the fact that Mr. Ford was a wage-earner until he was forty years old, and wanted what he earned, not what some employer's kindness gave him. He has never believed that charity was a substitute for equity. For twenty years his healthy scorn of that sort of philanthropy has been reflected in his wage policy.

Just twenty years ago next month—January, 1914—after first learning how, he raised wages from $2.37 to $5 a day—an unheard of thing. Economists predicted it would ruin him. In 1918 he

added a 15 per cent bonus on the annual wage, payable in December; but because some men quit during the year and lost their bonus, he ordered it paid *pro rata* every pay day. The next year, 1919, the minimum wage was raised to $6 a day. In 1920 came the employes' investment certificates, which to date have paid our employes a *profit* of $25,600,000. Fourteen million of this was the guaranteed profit, the other $11,600,000 was added because business justified it. Then in 1929, thirty-seven days *after* the great crash, a dollar was added to the minimum wage, making it $7 a day. This was called "the depression dollar." It was paid all through 1930 as the depression deepened. It was paid right up to November of the despairing year 1931. That extra dollar a day meant $33,000,000 added to our men's wages during the twenty-three months it was in effect. The condition of the country finally became so bad that we were compelled to return to the $6 a day minimum. We hated to do it. During all the decline, the minimum never went below $4 a day. It is now $5 a day, but as the actual wage paid is usually higher than the minimum, our present average wage is $5.92. The range is from $5 to $11.60 a day.

The total figure of what this Ford policy has meant *in cash* to our men above the labor market value of their work during these twenty years, is hardly believable. It runs to $623,000,000. That represents the extra wages paid above what the Company needed to have paid had it followed the general wage scale.

A noted author asked Mr. Ford if the depression had not cured him of his high wage notions. "No," said Mr. Ford, "I believe in them more than ever. We haven't seen any real wages yet!"

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS

It is significant, friends of this Sunday Evening Hour, that the high days which halt us through the year are associated with the things of the spirit. They march through the months, a procession of remembrancers, calling us to deeper considerations. They are the bright beads on our rosary of time. Best of all the train, glowing with the light that never was on land or sea, is Christmas, the feast of the Christ Child. Christmas is the gentlest, loveliest festival of the revolving year—and yet, for all that, when it speaks, its voice has strong authority.

It is saying many things to us, and tonight two things especially. It is saying that the tremendous power of creative goodness is continuously poured into this world from exhaustless invisible sources. Directly some great darkness falls on men, a light is kindled to dispel it. When folly brings a new disease, life's healing resources prepare its antidote. Every dead end opens at last upon a fair highway. There is always some little town of Bethlehem,

some night of wonder, and the beginnings of a bright new chapter. Christmas is saying to the oppressed of earth, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes." It says to the mighty of the earth that when equity and kindness—and kindness is only a sense of our *kinship* with human*kind*—when these cease to sway the scepter of power, then power, in whatever realm, is already at the mercy of men who lay a little while ago in obscure cradles. Christmas stands for the resistless power of the regnant ideal to clothe itself more and more with the customs and conditions of daily life.

And Christmas says to us also that the way to solve the difficulties of one plane is to occupy the plane above it. There are stairs that slope through darkness up to light, but we seldom mount them of our own free will; for the most part we are hustled up by stern events. Vision that might have been our guide has been despised, and so Necessity becomes our goad. The way *out* is *up*. The problems of the material plane cannot be solved from the material plane. Yet Christmas with its material myrrh and frankincense and gold, with its material fields and sheep and straw, forbids our condemnation of materialism. The cause of crass materialism in men

and women is not their natural gravitation to the mud and scum of things, but lies mostly in their lack of the material supports of life. The cure of materialism is an ampler material supply. When men solve that, they are free to rise to the plane of fuller living. The material plane, with all its precious potential secrets, is never really discerned until we approach it from the plane of Mind. It is the law that no plane is conquered except from the plane above it. Through mind, the material plane was laid under tribute to life. We learned in part the constitution of matter; we found the hidden power of water; we made of the air another sea; we harnessed the subtle waves of what for want of a better name we call the ether; we made electricity our servant; and we masterfully wove wheels in intricate series to perform such tasks as human hands could never do.

But now, after all that, we find ourselves in a new era of helplessness. We seem to have created more problems than we have solved. The time-mixture of mind and material has produced its own series of difficulties. Material is not enough. Mentality is not enough. The two together are not enough—they form a baffling economic complex.

It becomes increasingly clear that the economic problem will not be solved from the economic plane; the industrial problem will not be solved from the industrial plane. Every plane is conquered from the plane above it; we must go up one step. The time-mixture needs a new ingredient. Call it what you will, it is something finer than matter, finer and stronger and more penetrating than mind mastering things—it is new motive, new understanding, new sympathy, more inclusive goals. The race has always named it the spiritual plane. It shined upon shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night and sent them to see a new age beginning in a manger full of straw. Steadily it transforms the life of the world. It is the continuing Voice of Christmas.

And so, friends of the Sunday Evening Hour, with this thought of Good Will in human affairs, to every home into which our radio voice comes, we would say with the old carol—

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That 'round the table go."

We offer you Christmas Greetings—and thank you!

LIBERATING AN INDUSTRY

Some night we shall devote one of these six-minute talks to the Ford idea of competition in business, including the automobile business. Listeners to this program have requested it. But meanwhile it may be well to recall how there came to be any competition at all in the automobile field. The story is a stirring chapter in Mr. Ford's early business life.

Monopoly, whether born of money hunger or desire for power, usually overreaches itself, and there is always a little David for every Goliath. The new little Ford Motor Company in 1903 was confronted by an Association of so-called *Licensed* Automobile Manufacturers. They were licensed under a patent for "a road engine" which had been granted to a lawyer named Selden. He had never built the vehicle described in his patent, and had disposed of his rights to New York capitalists. Their interest was not in developing and manufacturing the motor car, but in collecting royalties on such cars as others should build. The

members of this Association were manufacturers who for the most part had been beaten in court by the patent holders, or who could not afford a court test, or who had been bought off from fighting. All of them were uneasy in their membership because of the large royalties they had to pay. They were held together by the prospect of having a monopoly through their power to say who could and who could not build cars in this country. The Association believed it could threaten and punish not only anyone who *made* a car without its license, but any dealer who *sold* one, and any citizen who *bought and drove* one.

It was to this Association that Henry Ford applied for a license to make the car he had long had in mind. The official who looked him over remarked that he did not think he would be acceptable. In fact, he strongly advised the applicant to abandon all thought of ever becoming an automobile manufacturer. Since his boyhood Ford had dreamed of a car for the people; he was now forty years old, and there was only one thing for him to do—he had to realize his vision.

So the fight began. Ford cars were barred from automobile shows and races. Newspaper

advertisements warned the people that if they bought Ford cars they were inviting individual damage suits for compounding a patent infringement. The Association certainly "cracked down" pretty hard. Ford advertised that he would defend his customers against all damage suits.

The Association then hauled the Ford Company into court, also a business firm that had bought and used Ford cars, also two dealers who had sold Ford cars, one dealer being John Wanamaker, the famous Philadelphia merchant. Henry Ford again assured his customers that he would guarantee them against trouble, but the Association retorted by asking, "Who will guarantee the guarantor?" Ford offered to execute a bond with each car sold, up to the last dollar of the little Company's limited resources. By this time the American spirit of fair play was expressing itself in a flood of orders, and Mr. Ford will tell you with pardonable pride that not more than fifty customers ever asked for his bond.

That suit is now famous in legal and industrial annals as the Selden Patent Case. Its cost must surely have destroyed the little company had not the public bought the car in ever-increasing numbers.

The case dragged on from 1904 to 1909—*and the decision was against the Ford Company!* It seemed like the end, but Ford believed in the justice of his contention, and with almost his last resources he appealed. In 1911 a superior court gave a decision in his favor, and the Association accepted defeat. The point that determined the issue was this: Ford had contended that the vehicle described in the Selden patent would not run. So one was built according to patent specifications and was tested out on the streets around the courthouse, and it did not run. Another point was that the Ford car was built on a principle entirely different from that on which the Selden patent was granted.

But upon Ford's victory, the Association itself eagerly embraced the new freedom. Ford had removed their restrictions, had freed them of royalty payments. Everywhere it was acknowledged that, single-handed, this newcomer had liberated the entire industry. From that day a wonderful period of free development began which opened the doors of enterprise to the more than one thousand automobile companies which have since appeared on the scene. That is, *Henry Ford created his own competition.* He opened the doors to all.

Nothing like that combination in restraint of trade has appeared in this country since, but something of the same general nature came very near appearing under the Codes. And, curiously enough, the line-up in 1933 was strikingly similar to that of 1903.

This brief chapter from Mr. Ford's biography emphasizes again that his willingness to sacrifice for principle is no new thing—it was with him from the beginning.

THE CONTROL OF PROFITS

In every discussion of profits some one proposes that we abolish profits altogether. It is not so revolutionary as it sounds. "The profit motive," in our modern sense, is never life's prime mover. That basic human institution — the Family — which supports all other institutions and for which all others exist, is not conducted for profit. In life's inventory of values, money is low in the list; indeed, life's most tragic losses are often linked with large financial gain. That is, there are profits *and* profits, and all profits are not profitable.

And yet, material increase or *profit is a natural principle.* It operates constantly in the earth — "some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." (That is a profit of 3,000 to 10,000 per cent.) Plant a grain of wheat, you get over 300 grains in return. Plant a kernel of corn, nature gives you back more than 700 kernels. A few wind-blown seeds become a forest. A handful of people thrust abroad by persecution become a great nation. Growth, increase, profit, is in the very nature of life on earth.

But when we define profit as *money*, unnatural elements enter. It is exclusively in the financial world that one man's profit may be another man's loss. In the natural order it is not so. In the natural order the profit of the field is the crop; the profit of the home is the growing family; the profit of the factory is the product. But in the financial world these profits may take on the aspect of losses. Here is a farmer, an able partner of sun and soil and shower. His good acres respond to his husbandry. In the golden harvest of the year he and his acres stand crowned with increase—the cleanest success on earth. Until he drives down to the village bank!—and learns that finance has power to cancel nature's gain and call it loss. That is what a money system can do to real wealth and clear profit.

Profit that entails loss is no gain at all, even to the gainer. If buyer and seller do not both gain by the transaction, it is ultimately ruinous to both. Only by an exchange of benefits and an extension of benefits can profit exist at all. We see this in honest industry. Industry is an instrument to produce the things that people use to make their living. The real profit of industry is its useful product,

and its benefits go three ways. The *first* profit goes to the customer. He gets creative labor transformed into some utility for living. The product he buys must be worth to him more than the money he pays for it. The *second* share goes to the makers of the product, in wages and salaries. These are profit; they should be a fair and sufficient profit. The *third* share goes to the manufacturing plant. As the farmer replenishes the strength of the soil, so industry must care for this almost living entity we call the factory. For the sake of the customer, for the sake of the worker, the factory must be secured against obsolescence and decay, it must be constantly renewed; else there is no industry. Surpluses created in busy times are used to maintain in times of stress this gigantic aid to man. Industry's surpluses do more to tide this country over adversity than any other single thing. They are at this moment our real national treasury.

Unfortunately, some industries have to produce a burdensome *fourth* share to pay interest on borrowed money, which the public ultimately pays in higher prices, or reduced values, in low wages or an obsolete manufacturing plant. The threefold customer-worker-plant profit here

outlined is derived from the practice of the Ford Motor Company, which is not required to produce this fourth share; it distributes hundreds of millions to *spenders*, but not one cent to *lenders*.

Should profit be controlled? In industry it *is* controlled. Inordinate profit shows up in high prices, which the public speedily controls by ceasing to buy; or it shows up in a low wage, which leads to shoddy work and labor trouble, and has the same final result. These are outer controls. *Inner controls are better.* For example, Mr. Ford is constantly on watch to see that his Company does not make more money than it needs to operate and safeguard the business. He has good reasons for this. Too much money is bad for an organization—it makes men lean back at ease. Besides, it indicates that something is seriously out of balance—prices ought to come down, or wages go up, or both. We have seen both these rectifications occur a number of times in the Company's history. It protects the Company from industrial apoplexy; it protects the buyer from high prices; it protects the worker from low wages. This inner control combined with natural outer control is the real regulation of profits.

MONEY AND MANAGEMENT

EXPOSING and denouncing the abuses of Capitalism is the only way many persons can make their contribution toward a better world. It may cheer them to know that another influence is challenging these abuses more powerfully than anything else has done up to this time. By "capitalism" in its common current use is meant the control of any human interest by money for the sake of money. Such control, everyone is agreed, is socially unintelligent and is materially disastrous because it is morally wrong. And its new powerful antagonist today is our American type of independent industry.

The United States was not in its beginning a capitalistic country. To our fathers money was not the all-potent source of energy and blessing. Their initial capital was land and water and individual enterprise. Because of that fortunate beginning, there have been times in our history when our people have come nearer to exploding the

money myth than has any modern nation. And we may be the first to do it yet. In our later national development, however, we were gradually brought under capitalistic control through heavy foreign investments in this country. The money thus invested built railroads and so forth; but far too much was paid for it. This disparity still persists in public financing. A school board builds a $50,000 schoolhouse; it pays $50,000 for the building and another $50,000 in interest for the loan of the money that pays for the building—a $50,000 operation that costs $100,000. That is capitalistic finance at its mildest. It makes money the principal commodity of commerce, which it is not. The good it does is largely undone by entailing an expensive debt through the interest system. Capitalistic finance is built upon the interest system, and Interest as a recognized and respectable means of gain was bootlegged into decent business practice only 400 years ago.

For many years, Capitalism and Industry were synonymous terms. They are mostly synonymous now. But they have reached a parting of the ways. At last two opposed systems of business confront each other in this country. Management economy

is taking the place of the old money economy. Financial control is being challenged by engineering control. It is one of the most significant movements of the century because of its unlimited social import.

Under financial overlordship, industry suffers great disadvantage. Even business cannot serve two masters. It will serve either the production of dividends or the production of goods, but hardly both. The thought that dividends may be only a by-product of business is utterly fantastic to the professional financial mind. To reduce this to clear example, suppose that Henry Ford were under capitalistic control—which he never has been. What would happen? His bosses would be the money-lenders. He would not be permitted to raise wages to the Ford level because that might upset the wage rates in other industries controlled by his directors. He could not buy the materials which his engineering judgment approved, but would be required to purchase possibly inferior materials from supply houses in which his directors were interested,—increasing their motor profit, and creating additional profits all down the line. He would not be permitted to keep his

factory up to the mark; every machine would have to be worn down to the last dollar's worth of work in it. If there is one thing Mr. Ford will do more quickly than another, it is get rid of a machine the moment something better is devised. An engineer will do that! In these days a machine is made obsolete by improvement much more quickly than by wear. Twenty per cent of the up-to-the-minute machines and processes which you saw in the Industrial Hall of the Ford exhibit at the Chicago Fair were obsolete before the Fair was over. It is clear that under financial domination there could be no Ford Motor Company, and no Ford car.

An independent business is therefore a standing challenge to the abuses of capitalism, and is consequently the object of unceasing attack by capitalistic forces. The attack is delivered in devious ways—through politics, through banking channels, through labor trouble, for even the labor strike may be part of competitive strategy. Whatever form the attack takes it is always traceable to unprogressive capitalism which feels the looming importance of what we may call the Ford theory of business. This new system of business

is doing more to build a better social order than mere protest or theory or resistance has ever been able to do. By its better practice, it simply makes the wrong system obsolete.

THOMAS A. EDISON

TOMORROW is the birthday of Thomas Alva Edison, who served more people in more various ways than any man before his time or since. He was a great spirit, but greater in himself than all the work he did.

Edison was American in a rather broad sense. His people were of colonial stock, but as recent research has shown, they were loyalists—that is, they could not bring themselves to revolt against their King. The Edisons even then were able to take independent views. Enduring persecution and hardships for their conviction, they made their way to Canada, where they lived for several generations before finally crossing the line again. So that Canada and the United States both have their share in Edison. At Dearborn we have the little house in which Edison's grandfather lived while the family sojourned in Ontario.

Who would attempt in this brief space to recite the catalogue of Edison's achievements! Wherever

a lamp is switched on, there is Edison. No one can fully realize what Edison has done who has not seen the land at night from an airplane. He illumined our cities and etched our highways in lines of light. In the phonograph he cast music on waxen discs for us to recapture when we will the loveliness and the grandeur of voices long silent. He is father of the motion and talking picture—but he had to show it first in Japan. He discovered the principle of radio—the microphone we speak through tonight, the radio tube you hear through are secrets which Nature whispered to his great mind. Oh, so many things he did. The lightening and brightening of the housewife's task by electrical appliances, all trace back to Edison. Mr. Ford will tell you that Edison made mass production possible. The old factory with its shafts and belting run by steam engines is gone; the modern factory is made possible by the little motor at the foot of each machine, and it was Edison who made the dynamo efficient. But the story of Edison's achievements would draw us on endlessly.

We remember him as he used to come to Dearborn, so benign and patient and kind even with the youngest of us. It seemed somewhat to puzzle

him that people revered him so. Of course at Dearborn we were always in the atmosphere of a great friendship. Years ago Henry Ford as a young man was engineer of the Detroit Edison Electric Light plant. Edison had been his hero since boyhood, but it had been only over the heads of the crowd that he had once seen the great man pass at the time of his father's funeral. Then one day in 1896 the Edison engineers were assembled in conference and Edison sat down to dinner with them. During the meal the talk turned on the electric automobile which was then the coming thing and someone good-naturedly referred to a new contraption one of the Edison engineers had made—a car that ran on gasoline—rank heresy amongst electrical men! Edison was instantly attentive and because he was hard of hearing he made room beside him at the table in order that the young engineer might tell him about this new car. Young Ford—he was then 33 years old—answered Edison's searching questions, drawing sketches with a pencil. Presently Edison hit the table a resounding bang that made the dishes dance and said, "That's the thought! A self-contained unit, independent of powerhouse and wires. Electricity is

all right for the towns, but with the gas engine you can go anywhere; you carry your power-plant with you." Was there ever a better description of the automobile? Now it happened that at that particular time Henry Ford was questioning if it were worth while to go on. It was the one time he ever doubted. Edison was the only person he had spoken to up to that moment who understood what he was doing. Ford came home with complete confidence and continued work on his second car. The two men were fast friends from that day.

It must surely be a rare occurrence in life that one's boyhood hero becomes the friend of his mature and later years. And how the greatness of Edison shines in that incident! Here was the man they called "the electrical wizard" giving countenance and aid to a rival power. A narrow competitive spirit might have deterred him. But he was great enough to know that no good thing pushes another good thing out of the world — there is room enough for all good things to grow together.

At Dearborn we have the laboratories Edison used, just as he left them. His early inventions are there. At Dearborn on the fiftieth anniversary of the incandescent lamp he re-enacted the laboratory

scene in the presence of the President of the United States. The great men of the country rose up at his coming as candle light changed to electric light that night. Francis Jehl, the boy who fifty years before had sat with Edison through those critical forty hours the first lamp burned, and who was afterwards associated with him, is today at Dearborn the custodian of the same revered objects with which he and Edison worked. Tomorrow the school-children of Greenfield Village will honor Edison's birthday—and all of us will be thinking of him—for at Greenfield Village is the Edison shrine.

USING THE DEPRESSION

On a recent Sunday Evening Hour when we spoke about Profit, it was suggested that we follow up with a discussion of Loss. In the vocabulary of business, and indeed of life, these two words are never far apart. "Loss" is a word not often heard at Dearborn; with reference to money it is rarely used at all. Of course, the depression came down upon the Ford Motor Company as it did upon everyone else. All possible was done to stem it. Wages were immediately raised. All non-profit work was continued. Mr. Ford ordered that building and buying proceed as before. Employment was continued far beyond what the business justified. There was no running away for safety. But when it became apparent that conditions would not only persist but grow worse, Mr. Ford reached the conclusion that even a depression could be put to some use. He did not bow before it, nor indulge in useless complaint; he set about to utilize it. Many Americans did that. Unemployment is not

necessarily idleness. Many young men involuntarily unemployed set about reading and studying that they might emerge from the period abler men. Many families that had been whirled aloft by the prosperity regained a sounder basis of living. In the same spirit Mr. Ford believed the depression could be used not only to keep his organization at work but leave them better prepared for service when the times should change.

It was a breathing spell which he used to open a new chapter in automotive history. The 8-cylinder engine, which had been exclusively used in the cars of the well-to-do, was brought to the people. That, of course, had not been worth doing unless it could be made as economical as the previous 4-cylinder engine, but he succeeded in making it even more economical. So that in estimating profit and loss, you must include any benefit which loss has actually brought. To do what Mr. Ford did, cost money, naturally. In one depression year the Ford Motor Company "lost," as we would ordinarily say, $68,000,000. If this figure seems large, consider that it represents only about two months' payroll in normal times. Consider also that in January just passed $65,000,000 was paid out for

purchases. Expenses always keep pace with income. However, when a newspaperman asked about this loss, Mr. Ford said, "It was not lost; we just circulated that much more than we took in." In his business creed, if you go in primarily for profit you will miss it—profit, like happiness, being a by-product. Likewise, if you spend money for wages and materials—and materials really represent wages spent in other industries—you do not lose it; you put it into constructive processes and in the nature of things it will come round to you again.

If all that money had gone into the stock market, the word "loss" would be justified. But Mr. Ford is a complete stranger to the stock market. He has never made any money in it, never lost any money in it, never had anything whatever to do with it; he has a grudge against it because it lured so many good business men away from their own jobs. But money spent in wages and materials, no matter how large the sum, no matter how unpredictable the returns, is, to his mind, not lost at all.

There are three clear reasons for this attitude. First, as Mr. Ford so frequently says, all the money the Company has to use comes from the public and

is to be spent for the public again. He has rather unusual views on these matters. Whatever the cost of developing a better product, he never thinks of charging that cost back to the public again, for, as he says, they gave us the money in the first place to do this! Why should we charge them twice? Second, he believes a surplus exists for just such emergency purposes. The way industry has bridged over this period, the way the great insurance companies have stood firm as rocks, shows what a high degree of public security can exist in a surplus. And third, Mr. Ford has an invincible belief that every possible sort of situation presents an opportunity. Nothing can stop the man who is going somewhere. The universe is not pervious to envy or complaint, but it is responsive to courageous effort and faith. Every effort is a success whether it achieves its immediate object or not. The Ford Motor Company will not come out of the depression richer, but it will come out better, because its leader made a stepping-stone out of a stumbling-block.

TALK OF REVOLUTION

"CONCERNING this talk of revolution: what is your opinion?"—that is our question tonight. Well, with the sunshine of spring returning it should not be difficult to view this matter in proper perspective.

Talk of revolution—what little there has been of it—is confined to very limited types of individuals. The literary and oratorical type talk of revolution in order to get a hearing—it's an ear-catching theme. They have a bad habit of warning us that if we refuse what they propose, then their followers will rise and force its adoption. Next come politicians who try to frighten people into accepting their irrational policies by asserting that so far as the future is concerned, it's either those policies or revolution. Then there are the really serious revolutionaries, agents of alien interests who agitate unrest in America in hope that each disorder that occurs may be the spark that will explode the country.

All of these together do not make even a small handful. They represent no community of opinion. The American people have not authorized any group to do their thinking for them; they have not handed over either themselves or their affairs to any temporary occupants of public office, nor to those who sensationally and with momentary luck assault the popular ear. This will continue to be a land of free speech—the freer the speech, the swifter the verdict—but any individual who claims to have behind him sufficient support to coerce the American people, is simply deluded. Events will disprove his prophesies and truth will expose his error. The only institution with millions of people behind it in this country is the United States Government—as long as it walks the straight line of American principle. When it crosses that line, the people are still behind it to haul it back to its duty.

To start a revolution you must have a people so stupid in their mind, so ignorant of their rights, that they can be thrown into panic and quickly brought under bondage by a small and desperate group; OR, you must have a widespread condition so calculatedly vicious that an intelligent people rise unanimously to remove it. Our people are not

ignorant or stupid enough to be stampeded by any coterie of destroyers. And we permit no vicious system to become so strongly entrenched here that we must burn the country down to get rid of it—we handle it before it reaches that stage.

Americans are too practical a people to be thinking about revolution. They don't build so badly that they have to blow up their national house every little while. By some inspired foresight, every social good that men desire has been implicit and inherent in the American plan from its beginning. All the social, political and economic aspirations of the centuries are there in embryo. The American choice is never between revolution and stagnation. Our ordinary daily progress is one of the most revolutionary forces in history. America *is* the revolution. We take more in our normal daily stride, than any revolution has ever achieved by its most violent convulsions. This very hour the American ideal is of more vital value to mankind than all the precarious revolutionary experiments now being tried on this planet. Economic liberation will already have arrived by the American system while revolutions are still stumbling around in the dark trying to find the way.

Americans have no revolutionary heredity. The American Revolution was not against our way of life, it was against interference with it. Our people can always be counted on for that. Whatever impedes their orderly development will always feel the weight of their hand. It is written in their natures so to do. Their instincts are all set for it. But that is not revolution: that is the spirit of consistent national continuity. The mistake of revolutionaries is to assume that America is a formless mass as yet, with no internal shaping principle—a lump of putty to be molded into this or that by any hand that can grasp it. But the noble lineaments of America were determined long ago; her lines of development are divinely directed; her destiny is fixed—no power in heaven *will*, and no force on earth *can* corrupt her soul or turn her from her course.

Then cease confusing the fads of the moment with the trend of the times. There are eddies on the stream, wind-blown ripples that cloud the waters; but the deep current of our national life is *unchanged*—it flows unchecked and strong along its ancient channel. Sophistries and subversion are the eddies and the ripples; but the heaven-fed current of American destiny bears us on.

USING THE LAND

THE TREES and herbs knew it before we did, Friends of the Sunday Evening Hour;—weeks before, hidden currents in the earth carried a subtle signal from the Sun to tell the roots of growing things that Spring was on the way. While yet men spoke of Winter, living organisms in the soil had private knowledge that the year had passed the turn. Even in cold cellars a common vegetable felt the secret thrill. And all were ready, since no mother is so forehanded with her children as wise Dame Nature. She made her Spring preparations last Fall. To us, the *end and object* of the year is the harvest, because we need its *fruits;* but to Nature, the harvest is the *beginning* of the year—her care is for the *seed*, and Autumn is her seedtime. Months before the calendar year ends, the next year is already present in germ. The dying leaf that floats so gaily from the tree actually "takes off" from its successor-leaf, tightly folded within the bud. Autumn is the overture of Spring.

A Christian apostle declared that man learns wisdom from "the things that are made." He looks at the sky, beholds the procession of the stars, and wonders about things infinitely *beyond* him. He looks at the earth, and as he considers the process of the seasons, he is led to think on things immediately *around* him. He observes that his material supply is from the soil. He reflects that sufficient natural supply never fails. He sees that the reason for this is that Nature is *a great planter* and has taught man to plant. Hence, the magic touch of Spring awakens, if only for a moment, the aboriginal gardener that lives concealed in almost every breast. Young couples build their new homes on the fringe of cities, near the fields. Families pile into automobiles for a day's drive in the country. Men and women ply the spade on little plots of ground, reveling in the clean, sweet breath of the newly upturned earth. All the world around Spring means Gardens.

In times gone by we lived much closer to the soil than we do now. We knew, at least, that our basic sustenance issues from the ground and not from merchants' shelves. Then came the great migration to the cities. The lure of pay-rolls brought

families by the hundred thousand to industrial centers. Exodus from the farm assumed historic significance. And this need not be regretted. It stirred and freshened the stagnating pool of human enterprise. But obviously the movement to the city could not continue forever,—it was quickly countered by a movement from the city to the suburbs. And finally two circumstances combined to bring the problem of City and Country into focus.

First, it was discovered that industrial centralization had about reached its zenith. It was also discovered that the technique which had been gained through centralization could now be utilized for decentralization;—methods that required big city shops to develop could be applied in small country workshops. Besides, industrial centralization had come to mean harmful human congestion. Fifteen years ago Mr. Ford reached the conclusion that a country living with a city income was a practical possibility. He remembered when the countryside was dotted with little mills worked by streams of water; he believed the advantages of that condition could be restored. He has always felt that family security should not be staked on a single resource; with one foot in *industry* and

one foot on *the soil*, a family is reasonably defended against the worst economic uncertainties. Toward that end he founded a score of village industries.

The other circumstance was the depression which gave pointed confirmation of this reasoning. Multitudes have returned to the country; for other multitudes this is impossible. But industry can bring the country to them by providing plots of land which they can cultivate near home, AND industry can be spread out into the country where the land and the factory may serve as double supports to the security of the home. Such work cannot successfully be done by Government; it can be done by workers and employers, and it appears to be the next social job that industry will take on. Ford industries throughout the country are practicing both these plans. For three years thousands of Ford employes have been provided with gardens to supplement their earnings, and many have had surplus food to share with those less fortunate. And where Ford village industries have been established there is no public welfare problem at all. Planting one's own plot of land is a form of self-help that robs no one. No scheme of unemployment insurance will stand comparison with

it, for land provides employment and a livelihood too, but no scheme of unemployment insurance even pretends to provide employment. Yet if people are to retain their right of self-government they must recover the irresponsibility for self-maintenance.

This, of course, is but one phase of a very great matter, but an important phase, and the call of Spring makes opportune its present consideration.

LINCOLN AND LEE

AT HALF-PAST TEN tonight, 70 years ago, in Ford's Theater at Washington, Abraham Lincoln was wounded; and at 7:15 tomorrow morning—it would be—he died. The war had ceased five days before. He was planning for the Confederate States to resume their places in the Union without vexatious question whether they had ever been out of the Union: his strong convictions on that point pervaded the last speech he ever made. It was more to please the people than himself that Lincoln had gone to the theater that night; he sat there half-withdrawn within himself, observing the audience more than the players on the stage. His guard had forgotten to bar the entry to the box—the war was over and everyone was relaxed. There was a shot! A figure leaped from the President's box. Furious hoofbeats of a horse in flight rang through the stage door at the rear. In a few moments you could have heard drums beating around Washington—

drums beating in the night, in ever-widening circles miles away—drums of alarm for a deed that made the nation stagger as war had never made it stagger. They carried him out of the theater—this man who had been born in a three-walled cabin—they carried him across the street and laid him down on a farm boy's bed in a back room under the sloping staircase of an obscure boarding house. Seventy years ago tonight.

The last line of the last letter Lincoln ever wrote, thus expressed his aspiration—"A Union of hearts and hands as well as of states." George Washington had desired to see a Union such as that, but died without the sight. There were thirteen bickering Colonies, or States, sundered by jealousies and dissension. These national divisions of thought and feeling were finally drawn together into two. There was no Union. But the men who were to make one were almost on the scene. Eight years after George Washington's death, Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia; ten years after Washington's death Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky.

Both Lincoln and Lee grew up with a firm faith and hope in a Union of the States. Neither of them

realized that destiny had reserved to them the task of forging the inseparable Union we enjoy today. And neither man in peace or war ever spoke a word that made that Union more difficult to attain. Dr. J. De Roulhac Hamilton, of the University of North Carolina, an historian and a Southerner, tells us that once in a military hospital Lincoln started to go into a ward filled with wounded prisoners of war, "and the attendant said, 'Mr. President, you will not want to go in there; they are only rebels.' Lincoln laid his hand on the attendant's shoulder and said, 'You mean Confederates,' and went on in." Lee also was magnanimous, referring to the Federal forces as "our friends across the river," or "General Grant's people." Dr. Hamilton tells us that after the war, when Lee was President of Washington College, a professor harshly criticized Grant, and Lee said, "Sir, if you ever presume to speak disrespectfully of General Grant in my presence, either you or I will sever his connection with this College."

Such were the two men whom Destiny chose as leaders for the immediate work of realizing George Washington's heart's desire. Lincoln and Lee are by common consent of the world the twin peaks

of spiritual nobility emerging above the smoke of that troubled time.

We have learned in this country the part which intelligent opposition plays in establishing any position. A national position is always the product of two oppositions. The opposer is also a proposer and serves the ultimate purpose as usefully as does the proposer who opposes him. There are hammer and anvil—both needed. Two millstones grind the grain that gives the flour. A sincere, unselfish opposition is indispensable to the permanence of any advance. The principle for which Lee fought was an American principle. The principle on which Lincoln stood was an American principle. Held separately they were divisive; fused, they became unity and strength. And now after 70 years we are able to see what these great men did. We see Lee taking one-half of the Union-that-was-to-be, and Lincoln taking the other, and both enduring the flaming wrath while the fires of war welded the two parts into one. Lincoln and Lee—the creators of Union unassailable, unbreakable—for, as the metallurgists tell us, when two pieces of metal are united by fire, they are stronger at the point of union than in any other part.

The chair in which Lincoln sat when he was shot is in Greenfield Village at Dearborn. The old courthouse with its walnut walls in which as a young lawyer he tried cases, is here preserved, and above the judge's bench hangs framed the manuscript of Edwin Markham's great Lincoln poem. But the immortal relic is the one we all possess—this "Union of hearts and hands as well as of states." Paying time's inexorable toll, these material mementos will molder and decay, but the Union will endure.

EASTER

THE DAY which we call Easter has almost made its circuit of the earth. Lands east of us that first received its morning beams, now are steeped in night. West of us, it is sunset and evening star. In a few hours this day will have finished its course far out on the Pacific. It is reckoned a high day in the calendar of the year because it symbolizes so high a confidence in the soul of man.

Easter, as its name implies, was first a nature festival. Wherever Winter turned to Spring, men saw life invincible in the face of seeming death. That was a shining leaf in the book of man's enlightenment. Reading more deeply in that page he saw *himself* an actor in the pageant, but on a higher plane. For he made a great discovery—he became conscious of personality; he no longer confused the "it" of his perishable body with the "I"—himself. The power to think, to will, to choose between the lesser and the higher good and always build a greater good—this living synthesis of finer forces

which we call personality—is the most exalted expression of life he knows. And to say that the tree beneath whose shade he rests has longer lease on life, that the bricks he molded in Chaldea 3,000 years ago have more enduring quality than the personality that reaches out to weigh the stars, is to him simply a dull confusion of values.

Moreover, he sees in every phase of life a prophecy of something farther on. His prenatal state, he finds, was prophetic of his present individuality. His eye was formed in prenatal darkness where there was nothing at all to see; and that harp of a thousand strings, his ear, was made while there was nothing as yet to hear. But they pointed forward to a world of light and sound, *and their prophecies came true.* In his present conscious state he sees other promissory powers take form; ideals and aspirations rise within him that require more than the mere measure of what we call a lifetime for their completion. He feels that they too are prophecy and will likewise be fulfilled.

He observes, also, that a change awaits him at the end of each of his two known stages. He sees multitudes making these changes every day. The end of the prenatal stage is the change called birth;

the subsequent incarnate period completes itself in the change called death. Man comes at length to think of *both* of them as *birth*. His physical being shrinks from the first change even as it does from the second. If the babe could know the world in which it is to live, it would surely draw back from coming, as later it will draw back from the thought of going. The Winters here that freeze, the wars, the tension of experience, the sorrows that pierce as an arrow; and moreover, hundreds of millions of strangers, not one of whom the lone babe knows —Birth in such a view would be a tremendous plunge in the dark. Yet so courteous is the Master of our pilgrimage, that as the little stranger enters the world, helpless, needing everything, needing most of all that precious, unpurchasable boon called Love—straightway, among a hundred million strangers, it meets its first and best friend—it meets its mother. Such is the far-seeing and beautiful provision that is made, whose better name is Providence. And from his experience thus far, man reasons that the same wise courtesy attends him all the way.

One thing is certain: the range of man is wider than his physical limits; he needs a great expanse

of elbow room. His science cannot keep pace with his thought; his thought is outdistanced by the far-riding scouts of his vision. He needs a future vaster than his past—*and he acts as if he has one!* This Far View it is that makes him Man. Nor is it a subtle other-worldliness; it is essential to this world also; for even our Near View becomes sheer distortion unless clarified and sharpened by the Far View. When man conceives himself as the creature of a day he achieves nothing, discovers nothing, improves nothing. But where he feels the eternal years, there science labors in the service of truth; there the arts develop beauty; there gallant efforts are made to build a just society; a sense of honor and a sense of obligation to the weak and reverence toward God permeate personal attitudes—for these are the beams of a limitless future shining upon man's brow. They promise him time, and time to spare, for the completion of every good seed that destiny has planted in him. His deathless life is already begun.

The message of Easter, after all, is simple and clear. In the hall of an ancient king, as the warriors sat round a blazing fire at night, a bird flew in at one open door and out at the other. "How

like to man is the bird," said the king; "it flew from darkness into darkness; it was not long in the light." The story is often told thus far, but seldom finished. For thereupon the eldest of the king's men spoke up and said, "But even in the darkness, O King, the bird will find its nest."

SHARE THE WEALTH

PLANS for "sharing the wealth" have received considerable attention in this country during the past three hundred years. Plymouth Colony adopted such a plan in 1620. Our interest in proposals to create economic stability and abolish needless human hazard is therefore quite natural. The objective commands respect, even though extensive and painful experience has taught our people that generous purposes are often frustrated by impossible methods.

"Share the wealth" plans usually begin with the assumption that wealth is money. Just share the money and you have shared the wealth! That, of course, is a fallacy. Money is to wealth what bookkeeping is to a flour mill—you may confiscate and distribute the books and bills and bank balance of the mill, and yet have no flour. Money, being merely part of the bookkeeping system of society, is or ought to be the sign of wealth, but it is not and never can be wealth itself.

It is further assumed that wealth can be "shared" by taking it away and giving it away. There is a "catch" here also, for wealth is never wealth in the *taking*, but in the *using* and the *making*, and to think of "sharing" as *taking* is only a half-truth. Practically all of the actual wealth under Ford management consists in productive plants and machinery and what goes with them. They are wealth because under proper management they produce what people can use in living or in getting a living. How that machinery could be confiscated, and bit by bit distributed, and still be wealth;—or, if not distributed, how it could be managed by politicians or any other group of theorists and still remain a source of national wealth, no one takes the trouble to explain.

To propose "sharing" as a new practice that ought to be adopted, is wholly to ignore the fact that it is already here. It is the only way life has ever been able to go on. The human race has not entirely missed all social and economic truth. It has always had at least enough to live by, and it steadily gains more. The only motive anyone has to produce wealth is to share it, in order to have a chance to share *in* it. Until it is worth being

shared, until it is plentiful enough to be shared, and until it actually *is* shared, it does not become *wealth.*

Up to the present time the most effective mechanism that experience has devised to "share the wealth" is Industry. Industry is a market where people bring what they have, to get what they need. It is a trading center where materials, labor, skill and science are *changed into commodities* useful to life. The farmer brings his produce to get industrial products in return. The miner brings his ore, the weaver his textiles, the millman his steel; the workers in rubber, oil and glass bring their products; railroad men and sailors bring their services, and so on through a hundred lines of work that focus in every great industry. Everyone shares in the making in order to share in the taking. He brings goods or work, which is real wealth; he receives dollars which give him a claim on the equivalent of the wealth he has contributed. This is the social process and should never be injured by financial juggling or chiseling of returns. How this natural process works may be illustrated by what occurred in the Ford Motor Company during the first three months of this year.

The cars we made during those three months consumed more than $48,000,000's worth of labor in our own shops. That labor was rendered in all parts of the country; its equivalent was returned to all parts of the country: more than $3,000,000 in wages for the South; almost $4,000,000 in wages for the West; more than $5,500,000 in wages for the East; nearly $35,000,000 in wages for the great central area of the country. That was for three months in Ford shops only. Now, outside our shops, we bought from other industries more than $214,000,000's worth of materials during those three months. Of this sum, those industries paid their employes nearly $72,000,000 in wages, and passed the remaining $142,000,000 along to *their* suppliers, who in turn paid their employes, and so on back *along the whole line of supply* until it paid wages to the last producer. So that for those first three months of this year we can count *first-hand wage payments* of $120,000,000 on work directly done for the Ford industry alone. And we can count an additional $142,000,000 in second-, third- and fourth-hand wage payments for work done for the suppliers of our suppliers all down the line. That is "sharing the wealth." For every car we

made, some railroad or other shipping employe received $22 in wages. For every car we made, some worker in a rubber factory received $12.50 in wages. For every car we made, some worker in a steel mill received $12 in wages. And these were repeated 386,326 times over, for that is the number of cars we made during that period. For every ton of coal we burned, some miner received a dollar in wages, and you can multiply that by 600,000 tons. That is sharing! That is not speech-making.

All this in just one industry. Imagine hundreds of industries doing the same thing each in its proportion. Industry can really "share the wealth" because its first concern is to create the wealth. There is no division without creation. Never have creating and sharing been so effectively combined as in industry. There is no other way. The sharing process needs constant improvement, but certainly it does not need introduction. It is already here, and operating.

THE SPREAD OF INDUSTRY

How big must a business be before it outgrows the limits of efficient management? This used to agitate some minds that had no business except politics or writing—and the answer was neither in books nor in legislation. As with all such answers, it came from experience. In this country every business, even the making of buttons or clothes pins, is "big business," when considered nationally. Control the design of an article and the quality of its production, and there need be no limit to growth. This answer, however, had precisely the opposite effect to what was expected. If there was no limit to the extension of management, then business would concentrate in greater and greater mass, in more and more congested centers, and in fewer and fewer hands!—that was the expected conclusion.

But the logic of life is always upsetting the logic of the theorists. Instead of more intense centralization of industry, an entirely new possibility

appeared. If management is control of design and specifications, then great concentration in one place was needless; industry could be divided into more parts and spread out. Large and heavy operations, of course, will require large plants and a concentration of men. But lighter work, such as making lamps, taps, valves, bolts and other small parts can be done in small shops spread through small communities. "Can be"—the motive for actually *doing it* is not always apparent. Unless the directing mind of the business dwells high enough to discern the social effects of industry, and is possessed of a desire to increase the social service which industry can perform, it may not even be attempted. There may be no immediate *business reason* for decentralization, but there may be a *human reason;* and it would seem that our life is such that what is humanly desirable and morally right presently justifies itself as being also economically practical.

Time was when almost every crossroads and country stream had its own little industry—gristmill, sawmill, cooperage shop, wagon shop, or small foundry. The countryside where Mr. Ford lived as a boy sixty years ago, and where he still

lives, was like that. On one little stream, about thirty feet wide at its broadest point, a score of simple industries stretched back into the country. With the growth of cities and great industries, that condition changed; and twenty years ago, when Mr. Ford began to think that industry could be given back to the country, he began work along that same little stream. An old gristmill built just one hundred years ago sits placidly by the stream as it did in stagecoach days, but it is now making machine screws for the Ford shops. Farther up the stream a perfect gem of a factory stands in its little green park beside the power dam which forms a lake—no smoke or grime or noise. In its light, cheery interior 92 women are at work making small parts from pieces of metal as light as a thimble—a country job at Ford wages. Two miles further, another little shop nestles against the side of a hill; there 65 men make gauges. In the villages are other little shops, and so on until *six* industries dot a nine-mile stretch of that single small stream. In other directions and on other streams other ancient gristmills are being reclaimed to usefulness, and small armies of men are engaged in building dams. Within fifty miles of the Ford Plant at

Dearborn, fourteen of these small single-department plants are located, which employ 2,500 persons. Next to the car, Mr. Ford is probably more interested in this development than in any other thing. Some who felt as Ruskin and Wordsworth did about the invasion of the countryside by railroads, have found to their pleasant surprise that these country industries are really a native note in the landscape.

Business men will be interested to know that these small industries pay. The overhead is low; less superintendence is required; the spirit of the people is better; and a pride in the product is apparent. The employes not only enjoy a better life than is usually found in cities, but are more secure if slack times come, because there is the land. As a matter of fact, however, these shops had practically continuous employment all last year.

In addition to these little factories which make parts for Ford cars, Mr. Ford is erecting other country shops to prepare agricultural products—notably at present, soy beans—for use in manufacturing. Great progress is being made in this country in developing for industrial uses the products of the farm. Everything that grows is being

analyzed by scientists, industrialists and agriculturists with this end in view. And in the results of their work thus far the future is even now visibly and usably present. It is a better future than has ever yet beckoned our people onward.

MOTHER'S DAY

One quite understands the recurrent criticism of Mother's Day, that it somewhat cheapens the honor due to Mothers if it suggests that its reminder is needed, or that *a day* is a sufficient tribute. However, Mother's Day continues, and all of us feel that its observance is fittingly appointed for the maternal season of the year. The peculiar glory of the Springtime is the appearance of maternity in nature. Nests are builded; eggs are brooded; lambs are nourished in the meadows by placid ewes. We are touched to astonished admiration by the almost incredible fidelity and labor with which nature's progeny are tended in burrow and in nest. Yet, for all our sympathy, these things do not even dimly typify the meaning of Motherhood for us. The natural fact is present, but not the spiritual fact. There are mother birds for the moment and baby birds for the moment, but in a brief time parents and offspring merge with the mass of their species, and know each other no more

in any conscious kinship. When the lamb is weaned and the fledgling finds his wings, the family relationship ceases. The bird never looks back upon the line of its ancestry; the animal knows no brothers and sisters; the nest is never a home; the flock is never a family; the herd does not become a society. The perpetuation of their race accomplished, that is as far as the drama proceeds.

What we miss in this nature pageant we find in human nature. It is the higher element;—the presence of sons and daughters conscious of their sonship and daughterhood. This filial thread woven through human society—the ability and pride to say, "This is my mother, and this is my father"—that is what binds us together. Human society is not created by the parental instinct, by the parent generation knitting itself forward into its children, but by the filial principle—the children knitting themselves back into their ancestry. The generations are not arrows shot free from the parent bow; they are like the successive rings of wood woven by the tree which become part of its strength and structure. Humanity, like a tree, puts forth its leaves not for the sake of the leaf, but that the leaf may knit back strength and continuance into

the tree. It is the filial principle in life, the sense of being sons and daughters, that binds the race in one; and the precious fiber of that bond is the element of honor between the generations.

A profound social truth, therefore, underlies the old Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." For it is more than a command,—it is a reason; its ground and principle are plainly stated:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, *that thy days may be long upon the land.*"—from which it is called "the first Commandment with promise." It looks to the long continuance of a superior society, but the continuity is dependent on the filial principle—on the younger linking back in recognition of the elder.

In a blind and stumbling way the enemies of society have always sensed the truth of this. By unerring instinct they make their first attack on the Family and the Order of the Generations, and they make it through the younger minds. If they can turn the hearts of the parents from the youth in mistrust, or the hearts of the youth from the parents in contempt; if they can drive a line of cleavage between the generations, they exert a more subversive power upon the nation than if

they rended the continent asunder, from coast to coast and from Lakes to Gulf, by devastating earthquake. Happily, the constitution of human life defends us from such cleavage. The filial principle by which we become *father-and-mother-recognizing* beings, is not subject to change by any human power.

As persons, we may owe each other nothing, but we owe everything to the better world that thus far has been partly builded. Our fathers bequeathed us a better world than was left to them. We of the elder generation are leaving to the younger one a better world than was given us. We leave you our mistakes as proudly as we do our triumphs, for in our mistakes we have explored for you the painful way you need not go, and in our triumphs we have found the highway of greater achievement for your time. You will presently say of us, your elders, that we did what we could in our generation—as we feel confident you will do in yours—and that is all the honor we or you will need. The light of the knowledge of the principles of life in the testing tension of experience, shall increase for a thousand generations,—our work and yours as part of it.

Hence, we are no longer sires and sons, no longer predecessors and posterity—but offspring together of one great purpose. If Mother's Day helps us to think of these things, it is a good day indeed.

THE WHEEL

FIVE-SIXTHS of all the wheels that turn on this earth are in the United States. Whether we think of wheels in clocks, or wheels on railway tracks, on automobile highways, in factories or in farm machinery, that proportion holds. Where the rest of the world has one wheel of any sort, this country has five. The fact is rather startling, because no sign of the wheel has ever been found among the aboriginal American races. They built pyramids and temples. They possessed the art of writing. They made a calendar. Their decorative art is appreciated and even imitated by moderns. They had some of the practical sciences. They built towering cities of mystery which archaeological exploration is uncovering. Their roads rank with the best. But, with all their culture, they never came upon the idea of the wheel. When chariots and military wagons were common in the ancient East, only boats and men and beasts were the carriers of America—the wheeled vehicle was as

little known as this radio was. Yet, on this once wheelless continent, more wheels are turning today than anywhere in the world.

Concerning the place and time and occasion of the wheel's origin, we know nothing. What benefactor of humanity first caught the suggestion, or in what form it came to him, we cannot even conjecture. We only know that the wheel is basic in the story of human progress. Take away the wheel in its multitudinous uses, and life as we know it would be impossible. It cuts the grain and grinds the flour and weaves the cloth and hoists our fuel and minerals from the mines; it prints our books and carries our commerce and lightens our darkness and plays its part in telegraph, telephone and radio. Edged with sharp teeth, the wheel becomes a circular saw; set with blades, it becomes the propeller that pushes vessels through the sea and pulls planes through the air; ratcheting back and forth in the thin interior of watches, it tells us the time of day; flanged with steel, it bears our railway traffic; tired with rubber, it carries millions of people to and fro every day;—what do we use that is not in some degree the work of the wheel? Those gentlemen who complain of industrial

advance have a simple task if they wish to change it all—they have only to *abolish the wheel*, and the world will revert to wilderness and the people to barbarism.

The wheel has reduced miles to minutes, destroyed the barriers of distance. In George Washington's time, New York was six days distant from Boston and three days from Philadelphia. A motor car skims these distances in as many hours. Old men now living remember when California was 25 days distant from St. Louis, Missouri. The tragedy of the great pioneer trek to the West lay largely in the fact that twelve miles a day was the "covered wagon's" average progress. Motorists now cross the continent and return in a brief summer vacation. In George Washington's day it cost $249 to transport a ton of goods from Philadelphia to Erie by pack horse. Along came the wheel—the great wheels of the Conestoga wagon—and carried six tons for $40. You could buy a fleet of Fords today for the cost of a Conestoga wagon and its ten mules, and each car would deliver 85 mule power or horsepower. Expensive as that wagon was, however, its greater capacity and lower freight rate helped the Colonies win the Revolutionary War.

Indeed, when we consider the social significance of the wheel, especially as represented by the automobile, it becomes very impressive. The Ford Motor Company alone has put more than 101,000,000 wheels on the road, which must have been a considerable factor in the development of this nation.

It was the wheel that led to our conquest of natural power. Men and animals were the first motive power, but later the wheel was lifted against the wind or set in a flowing stream—windmill and water wheel. Then came steam to turn the wheel. Then electric power. Now, in air, on earth and in the sea, the wheel is propelled by the gas engine—ships and planes and automobiles, self-contained, making their power as they go. The vast amount of power which has been placed at individual disposal by the motor car alone is almost staggering to contemplate. Our own Company through its cars has given the people a volume of 635 million horsepower to use;—equal to the power capacity of 400 Niagaras as at present developed. More than 304 million horsepower is in present daily use in Ford cars. In fact Ford cars produce three times more power daily for the people's use than

do all the locomotives of the Class One railways in the United States. All this spells enlargement of the individual's world. Without the wheel it could not be.

Privately printed by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., at the Ayer Press, Washington Square, Philadelphia. This is a limited edition of which this copy is Number 328